

Nautiscarader's Wendip Week prompt 5: Rainy Days

by nautiscarader

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Summary: During a particularly rainy day, Melody tries to establish some verbal contact with her colleague in the Mystery Shack, Wendy. Results will vary.

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It was a very slow day at the Mystery Shack. Summer holidays ended just a few days ago and right away one could spot a sudden decrease in the number of customers. Of course, one could also attribute it to the fact that this year's summer could have ended much sooner, together with the rest of the universe.

Whatever the reason was, at that moment the closed-and-immediately-reopened Mystery Shack hosted only three people. Soos, the new owner and newly proclaimed Mr. Mystery was constantly walking back and forth between the rooms, bringing and sorting boxes of destroyed props while singing a theme song in a language he thought he understood. His girlfriend, Melody, who arrived a few days ago to help him, was sitting behind the counter and was skimming through half-burned ledgers, trying to figure out how Stanley Pines has managed to avoid getting caught for every financial scam know to men. She quickly came to the conclusion that the answer probably has been half-burned as well, either by the recent outbreak of the apocalypse, or mr. Pines himself. And finally, sitting next to her was Wendy, formerly only shopseller, looking idly into her magazine.

>Two months ago working at the shack became her holiday job, but
a<p>

the days went by, she came to like it more and more, especially after the numbers of mysterious activities only kept rising. And after she, her family and pretty much everyone she knew helped rebuild the Shack, leaving it has never crossed her mind.

>But the building itself wasn't what drew Wendy to it. Thick and

heavy drops of rain banging on the windows only made the house feel more empty ever since all the members of Pines family moved out. Stan and Ford rushed off to their long overdue brotherly trip, while Mabel and Dipper came back to their hometown. Wendy could swear that their departure almost immediately covered the entire place in dense atmosphere of gloom and dejection, bringing the black clouds all over Oregon. She sighed again, and went back to her lecture.<p>

Had Wendy looked to her right, she would have noticed Melody's puzzled face, silently counting how many times Wendy begun reading the same page over and over again. Melody couldn't quite figure out how to make the red-head speak. They shared only a few words ever since her arrival, and if their work was supposed to look like today, then it didn't bode well. The blonde wasn't completely out of the loop with the topics the teenager might be interested in (mostly thanks to Soos), but every time she thought about one, she could imagine Wendy's indifferent face uttering one of many variation of "Whatever".

She already tried approaching her with various different conversation topics, including inquiring Wendy if she had any previous job experiences ("Uh-uh."), whether or not she prefers any genre of music ("Nah."), or if she knows what she wants to do in the future ("Meh."). However, after asking that last question, Melody came to conclusion that she would have also answered it in the same way and promptly apologised for it (no verbal or non-verbal responses followed).

>Not wanting to risk her mind slowly spiralling into madness on her second day of work, Melody decided to try something much simpler, basic and ordinary.<p>

- Uh, nice hat you're wearing.

Melody's voice finally brought Wendy from her state of stagnation. She took the hat off and looked longingly at the blue emblem on the front.

- Oh, this is Dipper's.

>- Hey, I knew I've seen it somewhere. I mean, apart from having tens of them in the back. He didn't like it, returned it?
- Are you kidding? - Wendy chuckled - He loved it. Wore it all summer. But we kinda swapped the hats when he was leaving. I mean, I usually had this old worn hat my dad gave me, and so I thought that I would do the little trade, and...

Melody watched as she went on and on while rocking the chair well beyond the point where gravity should have kicked in. She was genuinely surprised to see how all of sudden open Wendy was, talking about that one piece of attire.

- ... so I gave him mine, so he could have... I don't know, a gift, or something, to remember. - she finally ended.

Ah, that's why.

- Oh?

>- Oh, what?<p>

Melody's knowing tone caught Wendy off-guard, and as a result, off balance. She quickly grabbed the chair with her other hand, securing

the teenager.

- I meant - Melody explained, tilting the chair back - that for a simple gift exchange, you sure like to talk about it.

She wanted to mention how Wendy was fondling the hat's edge all the way through the conversation, but wanted to see how quickly would her companion realise what she was talking about. Wendy sat on the properly placed chair and laid her head despondently back on the counter again. The raindrops banging on the windows could be clearly heard again, just before Wendy whispered.

- Because I miss'em.

Melody leaned towards her to make sure she hasn't missed any sound, but a moment later Wendy exploded with more explanation.

- Cos that's the thing: before Mabel and Dipper came here, there wasn't really that much to do here. I mean, I heard about all about strange stuff going around, but I rarely wanted to find out what was it. Usually it would find us. And now all I want is to do that, except it would feel weird going without them, so I don't feel like doing it at all! Mabel was awesome, she was like a little crazy sister with all the imagination in the world. She was... everywhere. Like, my younger brothers also have way too much energy in them, but they are useless. With Mabel it was always so much fun. And Dipper... he was this smart guy that kept dragging us into these weird places I'd never bothered to even look into.

A low groan and another dangerous sway of her chair marked the end of Wendy's tirade. Waiting for another explosion of teenage anger, Melody leaned from behind the postcard rack and approached her new conversation partner with much more caution. Another voice in her head made Melody ponder whether or not she was that unpredictable when she was her age.

- So... can you contact him at all?

Wendy nodded, taking her phone from shirt pocket.

- Yeah, sure, I got his number, but he's not responding.

- Huh. He should be free already. - Melody replied looking at the clock on Shack's wall, trying to figure out which of the five hands is the hourly one. At least she now understood why Stan was selling the instructions to these clocks separately.

She glanced at her friend once more.

- Okay, tell me more about what you guys did together.

Wendy once more changed her position on her wobbly chair and with ease let her mind drift to her past adventures. Melody kept listening to how detailed they were, and how much their group has been through. She heard some of these stories from Soos, but her non-talkative friend proved that there was much more in Gravity Falls that she could have imagined. Melody couldn't also help but smile, as Wendy smoothly stopped talking about "them" and focused just on "him".

>She suddenly stopped talking and looked at the empty screen of her

phone again.<p>

- Do you think I shouldn't bother him?

In return, the question startled Melody a bit, though she could imagine why Wendy would think that way. Instead of giving her a straight answer, she decided to lure her into opening herself a bit more. She relaxed on her stool once more and nonchalantly replied.

- Well, you know...

>- Know what?
- Given what happened, it's normal for a young guy like him not to answer.

Melody paused, staring into the same place in her book, tapping it with her pen, and discreetly looking at Wendy's face.

- What do you mean?

>- Well, he just got from this amazing holidays, started a new school, probably got lots of new friends, lots of female friends, who probably would like to hear about all of his incredibly brave adventures here... So, you might want to wait some time before...<p>

She raised her eyes from the ledger again, only to be greeted by a look of absolute horror on Wendy's face.

- Wait, did I say something wrong? - she quickly added - Is there something complicated between you two?

Wendy Corduroy took a deep breath.

In the next thirty seconds, Melody was informed about all of their shared time this summer in much more detail than before, including the day where they nearly died to ghosts, the day where she was almost brainwashed only to be saved and then heartbroken at the same time, the countless days without any adventures they spend together feeling amazing whilst goofing around, the day where she - and he - were about to die from her doppelganger, just before she broke his heart, the countless days after that they spend together feeling not quite the same, which she felt guilty for, and then the day in which she abandoned him to partake in a dream-induced juvenile shenanigans while he was busy being the only rational person saving the world. Which he did the day after.

- ... and all i gave him was this lousy hat. God, I'm pathetic. - Wendy cried into her hands.

"No, you're in love", was Melody's first thought, but decided to try a more toned approach. To say the least, Melody was shocked. Wendy's sudden outburst was unusual enough, but she couldn't have predicted how much emotion could be hidden under the otherwise cool shell of stoicism. She took her stool and moved closer to her red-headed friend.

- Listen, Wendy, I know that you might think that way, but it's gonna be fine between you two. You gave him way more than that.

Wendy's face lighten up for a split of a second.

- And, you know, just because he's far away, doesn't mean you have to

stop anything. That's how me and Soos did until now. And we're probably gonna come back to that some time soon, since that place isn't exactly gonna cover all my expenses.

- And, what, you just kept mailing things to yourselves? - Wendy's fast response prevented Melody from succumbing to the gloomy mood.

Melody thought to herself how come sending everything by electronic mail wasn't Wendy's first option to begin with, given how much teenagers used their phones nowadays.

- Sure. We kept talking and watching movies together, and sending pictures, videos, gifs, and -

>- It's pronounced "GIFs" - Soos roared from the basement<p>

They both shared a concerned look, before Melody continued.

- My point is, he's not going to stop getting in touch with you. Believe me, not after what you've been through.

>- How do you know?<p>

Melody pointed to the counter.

- He's calling to you.

Wendy turned around and almost dropped the blinking phone as if it was a boiling hot rock. Before she could even ask, Melody already gave her an approving nod, and watched as she stormed up the stairs to talk with her friend in well deserved privacy.

* * *

><p>Soos slowly emerged from the storage room holding several folded cartons under his arm.<p>

- So, did you finish with the boxes?

>- Yeah. Ford left a couple of "do not open"s, so I opened them, and there was nothing interesting in them, so I threw them out. Oh, and I think our garbage bin can walk now. I'm not sure how this happened. You think it could be raccoons? Cos I think it's the raccoons.<p>

He looked around the room, spotting one person missing.

- Uh, where's Wendy?

- Upstairs. - Melody snickered - Been talking with Dipper for ... at least half an hour. You should have seen the look on her face.

Soos didn't had to wait too long, as the lumberjack girl ran downstairs with the same speed as before. She was about to hit Melody with the news, but quickly changed her pace the moment she saw Soos.

- Uh, thank you for the advice. - she said getting behind the counter and trying to look away from Soos' face. Melody shifted her position as well giving them a bit more personal space.

Melody couldn't quite figure out what kind of advice she gave her, except for telling her to stay exactly the way she is. Nevertheless,

she smiled and kept inquiring.

- So? - she asked quietly

>- They are gonna ask their parents if they can visit us on Halloween. And once Stan and Ford come back, maybe even New Year's!<p>

Melody kept looking at her and her radiant smile.

- And...?

The redhead closed the distance and once more lowered her voice.

- And we're gonna watch some old movies and chat today. On Spyke. It's not gonna be the same, but it's something. So... - she nervously looked around - Can I, uh, leave earlier?

>- Sure. I'll have to deal with the crowd. - melody joked back, her expansive gesture showing empty halls of Mystery Shack.<p>

The next moment the same arms almost involuntarily closed around Wendy, giving her much needed hug. But before Melody could react in any way, Wendy was already grabbing her coat and running to the door.

- See you, guys!

>- Bye Wendy! - shouted Soos from across the room - Have fun on your on-line date with your crush you won't admit to us because you are afraid it would ruin your coolness except it won't!
- Soos!

>- It's... it's alright, guys. Thanks... Thank you for your help.<p>

Melody was relieved to see not just a beaming smile, but a burning red spreading through Wendy's cheeks, just for a moment before the door closed behind her. She watched as the red-head put on her jacket's hood and rode towards her house, splashing the puddles of rain around.

A moment later, her own phone vibrated, and Melody immediately decided to inspect it. The notification on her main screen stated that Dipper Pines has just changed his avatar. Instead of the default anonymous blue face, it now showed a teenager with a giddy smile on his reddened face, sitting in front of his computer and a pile of books. He was looking towards the camera, and Melody had little to doubt who he was imagining in front of him. He looked especially proud, leaning on a desk and keeping the other hand on a slightly oversized lumberjack hat covering his messy brown hair.

- So what were you guys talking about? - Soos blurted, interrupting Melody's thoughts.

>- Oh, you know, honey, girls' stuff.
- Girls' stuff?

>- Girls' stuff. - she answered, quickly yanking the fez from his head and replacing it with her red cap<p>

Soos stood puzzled for a moment, watching as his girlfriend adjusted her new headwear.

- Is this like, a code, or something? Cos I think I'm confused.

>- Well then, let's hope Dipper can read these codes better than you.

- Melody giggled, before grabbing his shirt and pressing her lips to his.<p>

End
file.